

My Cousin Bullingbrooke ascends my Throne:

(Though then, Heaven knows, I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bow'd the State,
That I and Greatness were compell'd to kisse.)
The Time shall come (thus did hee follow it)
The Time will come, that foule Sinne gathering head,
Shall breake into Corruption: so went on,
Fore-telling this same Times Condition,
And the diuision of our Amities.

War. There is a Historie in all mens Liues,

Figuring the nature of the Times decaies:

The which obseru'd, a man may prophecies

With a neere ayne, of the maine chance of things,

As yet not come to Life, which in their Seedes

And weake beginnings lye entreaured:

Such things become the Hatch and Brood of Time;

And by the necessarie forme of this,

King Richard might create a perfect guesse,

That great Northumberland, then false to him,

Would of that Seed, grow to a greater fallenesse,

Which should not finde a ground to roote vpon,

Vnlesse on you.

King. Are these things then Necessities?

Then let vs meete them like Necessities:

And that same word, euen now cries out on vs:

They say, the Bishop and Northumberland,

Are fiftie thousand strong.

War. It cannot be (my Lord):

Rumor doth double, like the Voice, and Echo,

The numbers of the feared. Please it your Grace

To goe to bed, vpon my Life (my Lord)

The Pow'rs that you already haue sent forth,

Shall bring this Prize in very easily.

To comfort you the more, I haue receiued

A certaine instance, that Glendour is dead:

Your Maiestie hath bene this fort-night ill,

And these vnseason'd howtes perforce must adde

Vnto your Sicknesse.

King. I will take your counsaile:

And were these inward Wares once out of hand,

Wee would (deare Lords) vnto the Holy Land.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Shallow and Silence: with Mouldie, Shadow,

War, Feeble, Bull-calf.

Shal. Come-on, come-on, come-on: giue mee your
Hand, Sir: giue mee your Hand, Sir: an early stirrer, by
the Rood. And how doth my good Cousin Silence?

Sil. Good-morrow, good Cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my Cousin, your Bed-fellow?
and your fairest Daughter, and mine, my God-Daughter
Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a blacke Ouzell (Cousin Shallow.)

Shal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare say my Cousin William
is become a good Scholler: hee is at Oxford still, is hee
not?

Sil. Indeepe Sir, to my cost.

Shal. Hee must then to the Innes of Court shortly: I
was once of Clements Inne: where (I thinke) they will
talke of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were call'd lustie Shallow then (Cousin.)

Shal. I was call'd any thing: and I would haue done

any thing indeede too, and roundly too. There was I, and

little Iohn Doit of Staffordshire, and blacke George Bar,

and Francis Pick-bone, and Will Squele a Cot-fal-man, you

had not foure such Swindge-bucklers in all the Innes of

Court againe: And I may say to you, wee knew where

the Bona-Roba's were, and had the best of them all at

a Boy, and Page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Nor-

folke.

Sil. This Sir Iohn (Cousin) that comes hither anon,

about Souldiers?

Shal. The same Sir Iohn, the very same: I saw him

breake Scoggin's Head at the Court-Gate, when hee was

a Crack, not thus high: and the very same day did I fight

with one Sampson Stock-fish, a Fruiterer, behind Greys

Inne. Oh the mad dayes that I haue spent! and to see

how many of mine olde Acquaintance are dead?

Sil. Wee shall all follow (Cousin.)

Shal. Certaine: tis certaine: very sure, very sure:

Death is certaine to all, all shall dye. How a good Yoke

of Bullocks at Stamford Rayre?

Sil. Truly Cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certaine: tis old Double of your Towne

living yet?

Sil. Dead, Sir, and hee may dead two more yet.

Shal. Dead? See, see: hee drew a good Bow: and

dead? hee shot a fine shoote. Iohn of Gaunt loued

him well, and betted much Money on his head. Dead?

hee would haue clapt in the Clowt at Twelue-score, and

carried you a fore-hand shaft at foureteene, and foure-

teene and a halfe, that it would haue done a mans heart

good to see. How a score of Ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good Ewes

may be worth twentie pounds.

Shal. And is olde Double dead?

Sil. Heere come two of Sir Iohn Falstaffes Men (as I

thinke.)

Shal. Good-morrow, honest Gentlemen.

Bard. I beseech you, which is Iustice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow (Sir) a poore Esquire of this

Countie, and one of the Kings Iustices of the Peace:

What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My Captaine (Sir) commends him to you:

my Captaine, Sir Iohn Falstaffe: a tall Gentleman, and a

most gallant Leader.

Shal. Hee greetes me well: (Sir) I knew him a

good Back-Sword-man. How doth the good Knight?

may I aske, how my Lady his Wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon: a Souldier is better accommoda-

ted, then with a Wife.

Shal. It is well said, Sir; and it is well said, indeede,

too: Better accommodated? it is good, yea indeede it

is: good phrases are surely, and euery where very com-

mendable. Accommodated, it comes of Accommoda-

very good, a good Phrase.

Bard. Pardon, Sir, I haue heard the word. Phrase

call you it? by this Day, I know not the Phrase: but

I will maintaine the Word with my Sword, to bee a

Souldier-like Word, and a Word of exceeding good

Command: Accommodated: that is, when a man is

(as they say) accommodated: or, when a man is, being

whereby

whereby he thought to be accommodated, which is an
excellente thing.

Enter Falstaffe.

Shal. It is very iust: Looke, heere comes good Sir
Iohn. Giue me your hand, giue me your Worships good
hand: Trust me, you looke well: and beare your yeares
very well. Welcome, good Sir Iohn.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good M. Robert Shal-

low. Master Sure-card as I thinke?

Shal. No Sir Iohn, it is my Cousin Silence: in Commis-

sion with mee.

Fal. Good M. Silence, it well befits you should be of

the peace.

Sil. Your good Worships is welcome.

Fal. Fye, this is hot weather (Gentlemen) haue you

provided me heere halfe a dozen of sufficient men?

Shal. Marry haue we Sir: Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Where's

the Roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see: so, so, so, so:

yea marry Sir. Raphe Mouldie: let them appeare as I call:

let them do so, let them do so: Let mee see, Where is

Mouldie?

Shal. Heere, if it please you.

Shal. What thinke you (Sir Iohn) a good limb'd fel-

low: yong, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldie?

Moul. Yea, if it please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert ys'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, most excellent. Things that are moul-

die, lacke vs: very singular good. Well saide Sir Iohn,

very well saide.

Fal. Pricke him.

Moul. I was prickt well enough before, if you could

haue let me alone: my old Dame will be vndone now, for

one to doe her Husbandry, and her Drudgery: you need

not to haue prickt me, there are other men fitter to goe

out, then I.

Fal. Go too: peace Mouldie, you shall goe. Mouldie,

it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent?

Shallow. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: Know you

where you are? For the other Sir Iohn: Let me see: Simon

Shadow.

Fal. I marry, let me haue him to sit vnder: he's like to

be a cold souldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Heere Sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose sonne art thou?

Shad. My Mothers sonne, Sir.

Fal. Thy Mothers sonne: like enough, and thy Fa-

thers shadow: so the sonne of the Female, is the shadow

of the Male: it is often so indeede, but not of the Fathers

substance.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir Iohn?

Fal. Shadow will serue for Summer: prick him: For

wee haue a number of shadowes to fill vpp the Muster-

Booke.

Shal. Thomas Wart?

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Heere Sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea Sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged Wart.

Shal. Shal-

Sir Iohn?

Fal. It w-

on his backe,

him no more.

Shal. Ha, h-

commend you

Francis Feeble.

Feeble. Hee

Shal. What

Feeble. A

Shal. Shall

Fal. You

But if he had b

you. Wilt th

Feeble. I w

more.

Fal. Well

Couragious Fe

full Doue, or

mans Taylour

low.

Feeble. I w

Fal. I wou

mend him, and

a priuate sould

sands. Let th

Feeble. I sh

Fal. I am

the next?

Shal. Peter

Fal. Yea

Bul. Heere

Fal. Trust m

calfs till he roa

Bul. Oh, ge

Fal. What?

Bul. Oh Sir,

Fal. What?

Bul. A who

with Ringing i

day, Sir.

Fal. Come

we will haue a

that thy friend

Shal. There

you must haue

with me to din

Fal. Come,

tarry dinner. I

Shallow.

Shal. O Sir

night in the W

Falstaffe. N

more of that.

Shal. Ha? i

worke alieue?

Fal. She liu

Shal. She n

Fal. Neuer,

not abide M. Sh

Shal. I cou

Bona-Roba. Do

Fal. Old, ol

Shal. Nay,